



Mr. Frohman came into the office and used the word "present" in announcing his attractions. E. D. Starr announced that he "chaperoned" Ward & Yarns, and a few minutes later he was to use "Under the direction of" and "direction of." The matter was at a standstill for years. Many new ideas were thought of, many tried, but all proved to be failures until Fred Niblo came along with The Four Cohans, whom he "politely" professed.

The success of "Arizona" in London has been chronicled in the musical journals and served to recall an incident in connection with the play's last run. A get-together of Celtic origin stopped at the box office and in a strong inquired what play was on. The treasurer replied that the play was "Arizona."

Arrah what! said the Celt. "Arizona" was the bland reply. "Well," said the gentleman from Erie's side, "I suppose you can give me two tickets for Tuesday night, as my wife was saying the other day that she had a hunch the Irish play since 'Arrah Na Pogue' and begorra, 'Arrah Zona' must be another way of them; so we will both come down sure."

This is a good season for the Goodwin family, barring the disaster that occurred in the matter of Nathaniel C. Goodwin's appearance as Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The production of "An American Citizen" Nat Goodwin and his wife, the beautiful Maxine Elliott, have been joint stars. The public was paying \$2 to see them both, it was naturally regarded as a good scheme to star separately and have the public pay \$2 each. Now Nathaniel C. in "My Wife's Husband" has a success, and Mr. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, has one of the big hits of the New York season in "Her Own Way."

Harrison Grey Fiske, the proprietor of the Manhattan theatre in New York, who last week started a supposed crusade against the \$2 fee of admission to Gotham playhouses, so far seems to be in good luck. He has reduced the price of the best seats in his theatre to \$1.50 from \$2.00, and says he will maintain this schedule, holding that \$1.50 is enough to pay for a seat at any ordinary play. The other managers say that simply because this has been an off year in New York City they do not feel by any means that the reduced prices will bolster up business. The contention is that New Yorkers have long grown used to paying from \$2 to \$3 a seat for their best amusement in the theatre, and that the price cuts are still in place, but the power, the force which had made it throb to every chord was gone.



DESPITE all that the critics could say about the farewell tour of the Diva, and there are few who deny that it was a mistake, her coming was an inspiration and a delight to music-lovers, and they were not what they were, while they were not what they were, are still heard echoing and re-echoing through the music which is a distinct part of what any music-lover gets from the great masters of song. The week just passed has recorded her last visit, and with its passing has gone a great light, for all realized that the greatness was gone. But who expected to find her the same? So much in refutation of what the critics had said would not have been necessary had she been able to come and withstand all attacks and justify the claims of her agents. The divine sweetness is there yet, however, for never was a voice heard like that one. It was as if the wonderful mechanism with its perfect adjustment were still in place, but the power, the force which had made it throb to every chord was gone.

One of the most artistic recitals ever given in the city was that given by Miss Gratia Flanders introducing the

Flanders quartette Thursday evening. The programme was most satisfactory in its arrangement. Only six numbers appeared, and each number was in itself a gem, the final being reached in the C minor symphony of Beethoven. There is a certain quality required in the arrangement of a musical programme, and that quality is possessed to no small degree by Miss Flanders. Her numbers for her pupils, whether advanced or not, are always arranged in such a manner as to do full justice to the student while never wearying the audience. The four ladies constituting the Flanders quartette are artists, each having made a mark as a pianiste of high order. Miss Genevieve Ellerbeck gave last summer a recital under Miss Flanders, the quality of which could hardly be surpassed by any professional. Miss Pearl Rothchild is considered a marvel for her expression and mastery of difficult technique, the feeling and tone shown by Miss Irma Watson are remarkable, and Mrs. J. W. Christy is one of the well-known musicians of the city. The only vocal numbers of the evening were the three short ballads by Mrs. Martha Royle King, and these were given in the most artistic style and with the expressive rendering for which Mrs. King's voice is noted.

The patrons of the Sunday night concerts will be glad to learn that the soloist for tonight will have a band accompaniment instead of depending upon the old piano which has been a fixture there for so long that it has lost all its qualities it ever did possess. The first few singers of the present season were honored with a band accompaniment and doubtless that is one reason why

their work shows up in better manner than that of the more recent vocalists. Following is the programme to be an excellent programme:

March, "The Midnight Flyer" (new) Hager  
"Dance of the Fireflies" (new) Hager  
"An Ambian" (new) Moulton  
Solo for cornet, "Reveries" Moulton  
"Joelynn" Mr. Heid  
"Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth  
"Baptiste's" "Pilgrim's Song of Hope" Saxophone solo, "Serenade" (new) Mr. Earl Miller and Mr. Sapio  
Baritone solo, "The Lost Chord" Sullivan  
Mr. Charles Kent, with band accompaniment.  
Ballet music from "William Tell" Rossini  
Caprice—  
"The Passing Soldier" (new) Arnold  
"King Lear" (new) Grand Smith  
Overture, "Lullaby" Wallace  
First time here.

Miss Agatha Berkhof was invited to sing for some of the members of the Patti company and received some very flattering compliments from Mr. Virgo, the tenor, and realized what his knowledge of music must be will fully appreciate his recognition of Miss Berkhof's work.

Miss Beulah George, formerly a student at Rowland hall and a pupil of Miss Gratia Flanders, will be in the city some time early in February from San Francisco and will give a recital, assisted by the three Patti sisters, the latter playing the accompaniment for her. Mr. Virgo says Miss Berkhof possesses a rich contralto and that she should be in England now doing oratorio work. Mr. Sapio praised her methods, spoke highly of her training and predicted every success for her. Those who heard Sapio's work as an accompanist and realized what his knowledge of music must be will fully appreciate his recognition of Miss Berkhof's work.

Musicians generally were glad to welcome back to the city Miss Maud Reed Davis, sister of Mrs. Walter Perkins, who was for some years the soprano soloist with Sousa's band. Miss Davis had before this demonstrated her ability as a singer to Salt Lake audiences, and the few who heard her on this occasion were much gratified at her growth along musical lines.

Mrs. Graham F. Putnam has organized three classes in musical history and interpretation, and meetings are held each week for study. The beginners' class is composed of quite young children and the study of history and musical interpretation is carried on along the same lines as are used in school studies. The work is proving most helpful in all musical studies.

The song and organ recital to be given Tuesday evening by Miss Jennings and Mrs. Miller at the First Congregational church promises to be an important event, both musically and socially. The ladies will be assisted in receiving their friends by Miss Isabel Monahan and Miss Leta McMillan, and an informal reception will follow the music.

One of the ablest accompanists of the town, Miss Theodosia Harris, and a promising young violinist, Mrs. Adele Reimers, have left the city and will make their home in Los Angeles, where they will continue their musical work. They will both be missed from the musical circles of the city.

One of the musical affairs of the coming week will be a piano recital for Miss Alice Martin, pupil of Mrs. Graham F. Putnam, to be given Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Samuel Paul. Ethel Paul will assist with some vocal selections.

Tomorrow evening is the regular time for the meeting of the class in musical history and interpretation, conducted at the studio of Mrs. Agnes Osborne by Herr Otto Majewski.

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VOICE CULTURE.  
The Only Teacher of the Garcia Method. Studio, Calder's Music Palace.

## THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

### SALT LAKE THEATRE

dark.  
GRAND—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "Maloney's Wedding." Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday matinee, "Hello Bill."

A METHODIST pastor in the placid hamlet of Pleasant Ridge, Ia., has lost his position. He was a mite too liberal to suit his parishioners. And this is how his flock lost its shepherd: In the days before he became a preacher this pastor was an actor. We hardly believe he was a very good actor. If he had been he would not have switched from stage to pulpit. Then, again, he may have heard so loud a call to preach that he couldn't shut his ears to it.

At any rate, he locked up his make-up box and passed out of the green-room forever. After he had been preaching the spiritual destinies of the people of Pleasant Ridge for a few years a strolling company of players came along. It happened that to certain members of the company the pastor had been known in his histrionic days. They came to hear him preach; he went to see them act. More, he sat down with them to a dinner.

His congregation was shocked incessantly. The deacons thought it was sinful for a man of God to associate with actors and actresses, and the deacons were supported in their opinion by a majority of the members of the church. A meeting was promptly held, and now the pastor is without a charge.

It would be idle to rave about the bigotry of this proceeding. The Methodists of Pleasant Ridge merely acted as their fathers and mothers before them would have acted. Living among themselves, away from humanizing contact with the world, they are less to blame than their environment. But it is rather startling to learn that even in this day, some church people are so extravagantly intolerant that they will discharge a pastor who visits with players.

And without knowing anything about them for sure, we are willing to wager a sack of popcorn that the Methodist deacons of Pleasant Ridge said that they wouldn't hesitate to engage in a swindling horse trade, or dampen their hay just before taking it to market.

Salt Laker will be interested in with Alan Dale, of the New York American has to say about a Salt Lake girl, Miss Ada Dwyer, or rather, Mrs. Ada Dwyer Russell, the former being her stage name. In his criticism of "Money Mary Ann," in which Eleanor Robson is starring, and which was produced in New York for the first time last week, Mr. Dale says:

"It was Miss Ada Dwyer who, to my mind, gave a fine performance, full of rich humor, clever, self-dramatized, free from exaggeration—wholly admirable. Hers was a piece of acting that I can't forget in a hurry. It was so true, and so amusing; it was a gem."

Friends of Al Swenson, the Salt Lake boy who made his first professional debut as Shiloh in "Coriolan," in the company in which the Joseph H. Edwards had the name part, will be pleased to learn of his continued success. Mr. Swenson is playing through New York state as Henry Gray in "The Little Church Around the Corner," and the newspapers are saying many kind things about his work.

The week ended yesterday was duller, theatrically, than any corresponding week in a dozen years or more. When we remember that the season may be said to be at its height, it is decidedly discouraging, both to amusement-lovers and to the managers, to have so many dark nights at the theatres. The theatre was dark all of last week, and will be dark all of this week. The Grand was dark the first half of the week, and if Messrs. Hammer & Jones had known what a poor show "An Eye on Hubby" was they might have kept the house dark the last half of the week as well. Certainly darkness would have been an improvement.

Two plays that have been highly spoken of by most of the critics come to the Grand this week. For the first half, "Maloney's Wedding," for the second half, "Hello Bill."

**PRESS AGENTS' PROMISE.**  
"Maloney's Wedding," an excellent farce-comedy, comes to the Grand theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and matinee Wednesday at 3 p. m. It contains no problems nor exploits anything unclear; it teaches no moral, nor serves any purpose save that of amusing for an evening and leaving behind it a memory of jolly comedians, pretty girls and tuneful music. Its chief character is Dan Maloney, a Hibernian patriot, who went to the Philippines with his good friend Dr. Dennis Mulcahy O'Brien during the Spanish-American hostilities. Dr. O'Brien was fatally wounded and he exacted a promise from Maloney to call upon his fiancée, the widow Clancy, and

break the sad tidings of his death. The kind-hearted Mick promised, and upon his return to America set out to visit the widow. At the moment of his arrival a young naval cadet, in love with Margery, the widow's niece, was seized with a fit upon learning of a compulsory separation from his fair divinity. During the excitement Maloney enters and presents the doctor's card and is mistaken for a physician, and they beseech him to administer to the afflicted young man. He does so to the best of his ability, much to the disgust and discomfiture of the victim. The widow Clancy, not having seen Dr. O'Brien for many years, believes Maloney to be the doctor, and without allowing him to explain, casts her faithful 300-pound figure into his arms. Our Don Quixotic hero falls madly in love with her and decides to carry out the deception of his mistaken identity. He weds her and at the same time the



AL SWENSON, A YOUNG SALT LAKE BOY WHO IS ACHIEVING SUCCESS AS AN ACTOR IN NEW YORK.

younger couple overcome the obstacles and they, too, are married. After that their troubles begin. Maloney overhears a conversation which he believes to be a plot to poison him, and the younger man smite his wife slitting, apparently, with a stranger. So Maloney and the lieutenant decide to desert their wives, and they steal away to New York and secure apartments in a large hotel. Meanwhile the two wives, believing themselves tricked and unappreciated, decide to leave their husbands, and they steal away upon the same day without discovering the absence of their better halves, and they, too, go to New York and stop at the same hotel, and by mistake are assigned the identical rooms occupied by Maloney and his friend. Luckily, the two scapegrace husbands hear their wives' voices before being discovered, and their only means of escape is in disguise. Maloney disguises himself as a returned Filipino and the young man assumes the habiliments of a Belgian. Maloney plays upon the credulity of his wife to draw her out, and she finally confesses that life without Dan Maloney would be like a desert without an oasis, while the young woman, heartbroken and homesick, breaks down and weeps for her husband. The two conspirators make known their identity and all ends in a happy manner.

Managers Jones & Hammer of the Grand theatre will on Thursday, Friday and Saturday next offer the playgoers of Salt Lake a continuous hearty laugh, the occasion being the presentation in this city of Goodhue & Kellogg's farcical comedy success "Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Bill," was written by Willis Maxwell Goodhue and is credited with being the brightest and most humorous comedy ever produced. Unlike the title would suggest, the booklet contains a plot—the story centering around one William Fuller, who is arrested the night before his wedding in a gambling house raid, and who must have some good excuse for separation from his wife immediately after the wedding ceremony, as he contemplates going to jail for sixty days. His best man, Christopher Cutting, who is desirous of assisting his friend in dispensing with his ill luck, ascertains that a commission has been issued to another William Fuller by the United States government, making him a colonel in the volunteer service for the Spanish-American war. He induces William Fuller to declare that he is the man to whom the commission has been issued, and therefore directly after the ceremony he tears himself from the arms of his wife and goes, ostensibly, to Cuba, but really to the police station. Instead of being imprisoned he is fined, and in order to keep his wife in ignorance of his disgrace, dondies himself for sixty days at Modville, N. J. The war ends and "Colonel" Fuller comes home as a general. A reception is arranged in his honor. The real General Fuller learns of the proposed entertainment and proceeds to Seattle,

Long Island, where the entire plot is laid, to participate. Then the diverting situations and complications begin. If critics of dramatic writers throughout the United States count for anything, "Hello, Bill," is unquestionably the brightest and funniest comedy in our season. There will be a matinee Saturday at 2:15 p. m.

### STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.

When Miss Maude Adams makes her reappearance in New York next October it will be in M. Victorien Sardou's latest play, "The Sorcerer." This is a drama in five acts, and was produced at the Sarah Bernhardt theatre, Paris, Dec. 15. The scene of the play is laid in Toledo during the year 1607, and the story is as follows:

A young Spanish nobleman has met Zoraya, a Moorish maiden, and has fallen desperately in love with her. Their union is fraught with the greatest danger, for a royal edict punishes with torture and death all Christian men and women holding intercourse with the persecuted Moors. Zoraya, hearing the church bells peal, is informed by her attendants that it is in honor of the Spanish nobleman's marriage to Juana, daughter of the governor.

In the third tableau Zoraya and the Spanish nobleman meet at a wedding. Zoraya accuses him of treachery. He says he is forced into the marriage with Juana. They have a violent quarrel, but Zoraya forgives him on condition that he follow her to South Africa. He consents, but a spy enters and arrests Zoraya. The Spanish nobleman kills the spy. Zoraya is placed on trial, pleads guilty to sorcery and is sentenced to death by torture.

At the final moment she is saved by Juana's father on condition that Zoraya rouse Juana from a hypnotic sleep



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in which Zoraya has previously placed her as a cure for somnambulism. This does not suit the rulers of the church. The monks incite the mob to violence, and in order not to be torn to pieces by the mad rabble, Zoraya and her nobleman lover swallow poison and die in a last embrace.

Last summer, while Marcus Mayer and Frederick Latham were making a tour of England on foot, they passed the Nell Gwynne castle, and Mr. Latham explained to Mr. Mayer some of the scenes and incidents in this famous woman's life. "If you will wait a moment, Latham," replied Mr. Mayer, "I will go up and interview her. I would like to secure her for a tour of America." Adelina Patti, please write.

Thomas Salvini has written Liebler & Co. that he will sail from Genoa on March 14 and expects to arrive in this country about the 23d of that month, and after two weeks of rehearsal with the English-speaking company engaged to support him for his eight weeks' tour in America, he will open in "Othello" at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, Monday, April 4. This will be a three weeks' stand.

Mr. Salvini will give from one to four performances in each of the following cities: Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Cleveland.

It was originally intended that Miss Eleanor Robson should play the opposite parts to Mr. Salvini, but so great has been the success out of town of "Money Mary Ann" that Manager Tyler is now looking around for another star to support Mr. Salvini.

Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," saw his second play for the first time in New York last week. That Mr. Major was delighted with the performance of the star, Miss Frances Giddard, and young Mr. Zimmermann's production, goes without saying.

When Mr. Major was interviewed he said that he was delighted that his fellow statesman, George Ade, had caught on as a dramatist in New York. "Ade," continued Mr. Major, "of course, doesn't come from a metropolis like Shelbyville, but hails from Brown county, Indiana. This place isn't within forty miles of a railroad and they are still using confederate money because they have never seen any other."

Frank Burk, a monologist, has a new joke. In the course of his remarks he tells of an Irishman looking at a million dollars' worth of diamonds in a jeweler's window.

"Wouldn't you like to have your pick?" asked a small boy.

"I'd rather have to shovel, for then I'd get more," was the answer.

Another artist in the same line of effort is Lew Hawkins, black-face comedian. He has brought up the "How old is Ann" problem in this way: A census taker comes in and insists she should give her age.

"Did the Hill girls next door give their exact ages?" she inquired.

"Well, then, I am as old as the Hills."

While the Dockstader company was in the south, the comedian entered one of the most inviting buffets. Behind the mahogany was a smart-looking colored youth, to whom Dockstader put the question:

"What do you keep in the way of periodicals?"

"Well, sah, corn liquor, beer and wine, but mostly corn liquor," was the answer.

Mrs. Langtry is getting witty. The other evening over in Indianapolis, where she was presenting "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," the business was miserably small. In the third act, where Jimmy Foster comes to her with a proffer of diamonds, Mrs. Langtry as Mrs. Deering, turns to her husband and says: "You never bought me any diamonds," then looking over the array of empty orchestra chairs she added, "but if business is better tomorrow night maybe you will."

By the way, there is an afterglow of the good Langtry engagement. A few weeks back among other properties used in that production was a handsome inlaid mahogany table which did service part of the time on the stage, and which was a smart-looking colored youth, to whom Dockstader put the question:

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## CHILD WHO WILL VISIT PATTI.



Little Millie Williams is well known to Salt Lake musicians. For some years now her childish voice has delighted Salt Lake audiences, and although great things are predicted for her in the future she is quietly proceeding with her regular studies before taking up any line of vocal work whatever. She has recently been signally honored, first by Madame Nordica, for whom she sang and who praised her voice very highly, and more recently by Madame Patti, who met the child and talked with her during her stay in the city. She is one of the few fortunate ones who obtained an autograph of Patti and also one of the Baron Cederstrom. But, more than all this, she received a most cordial invitation to visit the baroness next summer at Craig's No. 5, which will doubtless be accepted for the little girl goes to Wales with her mother for a time next summer, and the home of Mrs. Williams' parents, whom she will visit, is only ten miles from the castle of the Baroness Cederstrom. Patti's chat with the child was most interesting, and both she and Nordica admonished the little girl to let the voice alone for some years till the physique and the general education were given a sure foundation.

pretty good actor, and had a lot of admirers. Those rallied about him in great numbers when the afternoon of the performance came and the house was crowded.

Here, surely, was a pretty situation—one of the gravest works of the master dramatist in the hands of principals only one of whom had ever before appeared in a serious role. The disclosure came even more readily volunteer extravaganzas auxiliaries.

At 2:15 sharp the curtain went up. Evans admitted that the audience took the presentation seriously, until the opening of the forum scene. Foy, operating him in this, with the supplement that the comic principals, because of their respect for Morris, had pledged themselves not to be tempted under any circumstances to gild their respective roles. But at the end of the stabling incident, when Dunn, as Caesar, fell from Brutus' dagger, and Foy, to escape the falling body, sought to step aside, he stumbled and put his foot, in pure accident, full on the little as Mr. Dunn, in simple physical reaction, after the impact, jerked his head up and glared at Foy. It was truly a step from the sublime to the grotesque. Morris, in the wings, tense and eager for his great scene which to follow, swore outrageously. Dunn, still prostrate and smarting from Foy's scandal, flung back into the wings a smart remark. That put a grin on the face of every Roman senator, and the audience settled back laughing for an after-noon of rare fun. Marc Antony's scene came, but instead of bringing on Morris, it brought down the curtain at his order. The audience was dismissed.

Sir Henry Irving at a reception that was tendered to him last month in Philadelphia by a literary club, narrated with delightful humor some of the memories of his youth.

"My barnstorming days," he said, "seem very distant, and yet very dear to me now. I recall with particular pleasure a melodrama of crime in high life where I was the villain. The play was of course, a long time ago.

"My part called in the first act for a dark stage. In this darkness I fought with an old cat, threw him heavily, and when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall, I cried out:

turned my outcry, and the darkness, and the old cat's tragic fall into ridicule and laughter. I have never seen that coster, but I remember his voice well. It was a slow, dry voice, like Mark Twain's, and it manifested itself just after the fall of my aged and noble antagonist. The old cat had dropped heavily, and in the silent obscurity I had cried: 'Great heavens! What have I done?' when the coster spoke up:

"Strike a light, young fellow, and we'll have a look."

**Richman's Boyhood.**  
Charles Richman, as is well acknowledged in these parts, is a native Chicagoan. The fact that his stage debut was made in South Chicago, however, is not so well known. The disclosure came even more readily volunteer extravaganzas auxiliaries.

It was after a matinee performance of "Captain Barrington" at the Manhattan that a crisis occurred. The star emerged from the stage entrance and said politely:

"This is Mr. Richman?"

"Yes," was the reply, with an interrogating intonation.

"Well, I felt considerable hesitancy about addressing you, but in justice I must. I want to pay you the price of admission to a performance of yours some years ago."

Mr. Richman looked more interrogating.

"I was in the audience at one of your matinees in that attic in South Chicago," the stranger went on to say. "The place you were presenting was 'Dead-shot Dick's Last Job.' I had hidden myself in a box, old clothes, and heard the play without paying. You have improved so much since then that I think I ought to make good. Here, sir, is a penny. That was the price of admission, was it not?"

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